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Will we no more hear of his barbâ€™rous rage?
Or PIT and FOX for ever now agreed?
Will their debates no longer fill the page?

Have Prussian wits exhausted all the store

Of anecdotes about their favâ€™rite king? Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â
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Or, are the Dutch divisions now no more?

Will Birth-days not their annual tributes bring?

No, these, he said, are not the cause of grief;

‘Tis not for these I make such heavy moan:

O, what shall soothe my pain or bring relief? Â
Â Â Â Â Â 35

LUNARDI’S famâ€™d BALLOON, alas! is gone!

I heard him speak, and struck with sad surprise,

Declare, I said, how the mishap befel:

Afresh the torrents bursting from his eyes,

He, with a sigh, began the mournful tale! Â
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â€™Twas where the TYNE rolls down in all his pride,

His limpid waters by NEWCASTLE flow,

Whose stately Turrets rise upon its side,

The famâ€™d BALLOON receivâ€™d a fatal blow!

â€™Twas there the great LUNARDI, famâ€™d afar Â
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For airy journeys in the middle sky,

Perparâ€™d again to mount the floating Car,

And throâ€™ the clouds in upper regions fly.

The day approachâ€™d, what multitudes attend!

They crowd the mountains and they fill the plain, Â 50

In hopes to see the wondrous man ascend;

But ah! they look, they wish, they hope in vain!

And now the great BALLOON began to fill;

Her buoyant sides rose bellowing in the air:

Thâ€™ intrepid hero usâ€™d his utmost skill; Â
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His hopes were raisâ€™d on high and great his care.

Ah! silly mortals! what small hope of joy

Elates our heart, and swells our little mind!

How can a moment this fond hope destroy,

And leave a real, lasting grief behind? Â

60

We truly thought he would have gone so far
As Earth's attractions had not brought him down;
There got intelligence from every star,
And been our correspondent in the moon:

For now She, rising, floats about the ground, 65

The cords are loose and all prepared for flight:
The Crowds, at awful distance, stand around,
And view the scene with wonder and delight.

But ah! what numbers can describe the shock!
Or how can language paint the sad surprise, 70

When from the vitriol sudden fire brake,
And the blue flame met the beholders eyes!

Water! they cried; but water there was none;
She, like an arrow, mounts, and cleaves the air:
LUNARDI saw his famed BALLOON was gone; 75

Wild were his looks and frantic with despair!

Sure! sure! he cried, the elements are joined
In close concert, to work my overthrow!
I float in water, and I'm tossed with wind:
But the flame has struck the last, the fatal blow! 80

O fire! how fatal to BALLOON exploits!
Tytler may tell, LUNARDI too has known,
Who braved the greatest dangers in his flight;
But now his hopes of future glory's gone.

He saw her rise, but could not bring her back; 85

He saw her burst, ah! never to return!
The very heavens were mantled over with black,
And Nature seemed the mighty loss to mourn!

NEWCASTLE raised her voice in loud lament;
When Kelso heard, she echoed back the strain; 90

Edina joined in the same sad complaint;
And Glasgow mourned, but mourned, alas! in vain!

When thus he said, he spurred his weary steed,
Adieu! adieu! I must no longer stay!

79 *I float in water* Lunardi's flight from Edinburgh on December 20, 1785 ended with a forced landing in the North Sea, where he was lucky to be rescued by a passing fishing boat (Lunardi, *An Account of Five Aerial Voyages in Scotland* [London, 1786], p. 101).

82 *Tytler* James Tytler (1745-1804), a Scottish chemist and aeronaut, became the first person in Great Britain to ascend in a balloon on August 25, 1784, preceding Lunardi's first flight in England by several weeks.

85-86 *He saw her rise & never to return!* Lunardi attempted ascent from Newcastle on September 19, 1786 went horribly wrong. Campbell's description of the balloon's loss matches the most detailed contemporary account published in *The Yorkshire Magazine* (vol. I, September 1786, pp. 287-88). Curiously, however, Campbell chooses not to mention that one of the local men assisting Lunardi that day, "Mr. Ralph Heron" became tangled in the ropes and was swept several hundred feet in the air. He fell and subsequently died of his injuries. It was this tragic accident (rather than the loss of his balloon) that effectively ended Lunardi's career as an aeronaut in Britain.

87 *heavens were mantled o'er with black* The hydrogen gas produced by the chemical reaction between sulfuric acid and iron shavings was dark in color and, when released from the balloon due to tearing or accident, would create a black cloud.

90 *Kelso* A market town in Scotland near the English border. Lunardi made a successful ascent from Kelso on October 22, 1785 (*Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*, vol. I, ed. Maidment [London and Glasgow, 1885], p. 65).

91 *Edina* Edinburgh. Lunardi made a total of three ascents from Edinburgh on October 5, 1785, December 20, 1785, and July 31, 1786.

92 *Glasgow* Lunardi made two ascents from Glasgow on November 23 and December 5, 1785.

Source: *Poems on Several Occasions (Kilmarnock, 1787)*, pp. 114-118. [ECCO]

Edited by Bill Christmas